

unfair.

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[Richard Cameron/Charlie Dalton](#), [The Dead Poets](#)

Characters:

[Richard Cameron](#), [Charlie Dalton](#), [Todd Anderson](#), [Steven Meeks](#), [Gerard Pitts](#), [Knox Overstreet](#), [Neil Perry](#) ([Dead Poets Society](#))

Additional Tags:

[Angst](#), [Richard Cameron-centric](#), [all characters except for charlie and cam are only mentioned](#), [Self-Hatred](#), [me ? projecting ?? maybe](#), [Rejection](#), [Hurt No Comfort](#), [Unrequited Love](#), [the deleted scene from after the play is in here kinda](#), [Jealousy](#), [I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping](#), [at 1 am too !!](#), [Suicidal Thoughts](#), [very small though](#)

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by [lovealwayscharlie](#)

Summary

He still wasn't being invited to everything after all that work to make them like him. But Todd was.

They loved Todd.

They didn't even like Richard.

[CHECK NOTES AND TAGS FOR TWS]

Notes

it's sad cameron kinnie hours !!

possible tw for suicidal thoughts

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Richard Cameron hated Todd Anderson.

He wasn't a bad person, nor had he done something to Cameron specifically. In fact he was very kind and smart and fit in well with the group.

That was the issue though.

Todd had only come to Welton a few months ago and the Poets had welcomed him in immediately. They all fawned over his poetry skills and how awesome he was.

It didn't make sense when Meeks and Pitts and Knox and Neil and *Charlie* all accepted Todd right away because it didn't seem *fair*.

Cameron had worked for years upon years to be apart of the group. Fully apart of the group. To be included in every meeting and hang out and study group.

He still wasn't being invited to everything after all that work to make them like him. But Todd was.

They loved Todd.

They didn't even like Richard.

No matter how much they pretended that they did, Cameron knew that they didn't really want him there. That they whispered behind his back about how stuck up he was.

Hell, Charlie said it all to his face!

But for awhile, things seemed better.

Ironically, it started around the time that Todd came into the picture. They started up the Dead Poets Society again and Cameron finally felt included.

Sure they still threw a few hurtful jokes his way and mocked him about his tedious rule following but things were better.

He and Charlie studied together every night. Charlie, who's stupid, beautiful eyes caught in the moonlight as they practiced trig. Charlie, who smiled that mischievous smile that made Richard nervous and excited and hopeful all at once. Charlie, who winked and called Cameron, "Rich", for the first time since they were 13.

Just the thought of it put a bounce in Cameron's step.

Things went downhill after the play.

All the Poets went together and Richard had never felt more apart of the group then in that moment.

Sitting next to Charlie during the play, heart pounding when their hands touched, Cameron couldn't help the smile on his face.

When it ended, he tried to congratulate Neil before his father whisked him away but it was too late. So while the others said they wanted to talk to the rest of the cast, Cameron shook his head and said that he needed to get back to the dorm to finish some work.

The Poets booed jokingly but still laughed. When he tried to slip away, Charlie stopped Richard quickly.

"Rich! That was amazing, wasn't it?" he beamed.

"It was!" he grinned back, "I had a fun time seeing it with you guys."

"Yeah. Yeah, it was great having you here," Charlie's smile softened and for a second, Cameron might've thought that they were having a moment but Knox had come and pulled Charlie aside too soon for him to know.

Cameron practically skipped back to the dorms.

When he returned, he started his extra work. The Poets said that they would only be a few minutes, so he set aside his chemistry to do with Charlie when they got back.

Thirty minutes went by. Charlie didn't come back.

Then it turned into an hour. An hour turned into two.

It wasn't until the time hit three hours that Cameron realized what had happened.

The Poets must've gone out. Without him.

It didn't matter where but they had left him out of something again. He'd thought they were past this.

Sure, he said he needed to work but they didn't even ask if he wanted to go. It wasn't fair. Was it?

Collapsing onto the bed, Cameron wondered if they would care if he was gone. From their group? From Welton? From the world? If he decided to end his life that night, would they even notice?

Tears streamed down Richard's face. He tried to wipe them away. He wasn't a pretty crier like Charlie or Neil. Or Todd.

His mind drifted to Todd.

What did Todd have that Richard didn't? They were both the same age. They both liked school to a decent amount. They both loved and cared for their friends more than anything.

It was strange to compare himself to Todd because they're supposed to be friends. Friends don't do this, right? Although, were any of them really his friends?

Charlie came into his thoughts like he always did. Cameron was foolish to think that he actually cared about him. Liked him.

His sobs became more intense and the bed shook slightly beneath him.

The door opened.

"Cam?" Charlie's soft voice reached his ears, "Rich, you up?"

The slight smell of alcohol and Charlie's breathless voice, which implied that he had been doing something like running or dancing or having fun, made a sob force its way from Cameron's throat.

He hated this. He hated Charlie. He hated Todd. He hated all the Poets.

It wasn't fair.

"Rich, what's wrong?" Charlie sat on the bed, "Talk to me."

A hand came to Richard's shoulder. He shrugged it off. He's being childish, he knows but it's not like it really matters anyways.

"Or don't," he sighed, "We're talking in the morning whether you like it or not," Charlie continued, the smirk could be heard in his voice even when Cameron's back was turned, "Night, Rich."

The sound of the light being turned off rang through the silent room.

Richard waited until the sounds of Charlie's soft snores filled the room

to let out another sob.

Richard just wanted to be included. He didn't care if they actually liked him anymore. All he wanted was for life to stop being so difficult.

He wanted it to stop being so *unfair*.

End Notes

i hope you had an amazing time reading that hot mess !!

[KUDOS + COMMENTS ARE APPRECIATED]

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